

## Painting

Gauguin's yellow Christ  
Hangs there in the yellow air  
And the peasant women  
In their huge white nun hats  
Hurry by on their errands  
Without looking at him

## We Value Him

Not only for  
The paintings on their canvases  
But also for that ear  
He cut off  
And the fact that  
He didn't listen

## They Keep Telling Me

The teachers tell me the  
Students tell me the poets  
Tell me  
Who doesn't tell me  
There's no money in poetry  
Why do they keep  
Telling me that when I  
Never brought the subject up  
I don't know what their hangup  
Is but it isn't poetry

## The Crazy Houses Are Full

of Christs who really  
mean it but haven't made it

It came to the guy from Galilee  
in the desert or someplace  
that he  
needed help

but the Christs in Camarillo  
and maybe even Atascadero  
try  
to do it  
alone

-- Gerda Penfold

Echo Park, Calif.